

The Judybats' new *Down in the Shacks Where the Satellite Dishes Grow* (Sire/Warner Bros.) more than fulfills the promise of their debut with more melodic, well-written songs that build a subtle instrumental tapestry on an acoustic rock framework. Singer Jeff Heiskell's lyrics are poetic and vibrant with clever but unforced wordplay. In both his voice and his words, he conveys real feelings on just about every song. While they're sometimes a tad too arty, their arrangements and presentation are imaginative and compared to similar groups, they remain a breath of fresh air and make you want to listen.

Paleface is a young singer-songwriter who really isn't that different than dozens of people you might find singing on New York streets or subways. His unadorned self-titled debut (Polydor) features earnestly and strongly sung torrents of words disguised as songs backed by his fiercely strummed acoustic and Dylan-styled harmonica. While Paleface is very real and obviously means what he's singing, too many of his songs are unfocused and this could well be a case of someone being recorded before they're ready. Keep his name in mind for future reference.

Judybats with Paleface: Fri., Apr. 3 at 9 p.m. at the 23 East Cabaret, 23 East Lancaster Ave., Ardmore, 896-6420.

--Peter Brown